

# MIRTH IN PICTURES

They Both Jumped.

Helen—Did she jump at your proposal of marriage?  
Jack—Yes, and her father made me jump too.

Called Down.  
Tenor (singing passionately)—  
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.  
Small Boy (in rear)—Rubber, rubber!

## TYRANNY.



Beatrice—I think we might as well break off our engagement.  
Harold—Why?  
Beatrice—Because you just say "Why" in such a cold blooded way.

## TAKING NO CHANCES.



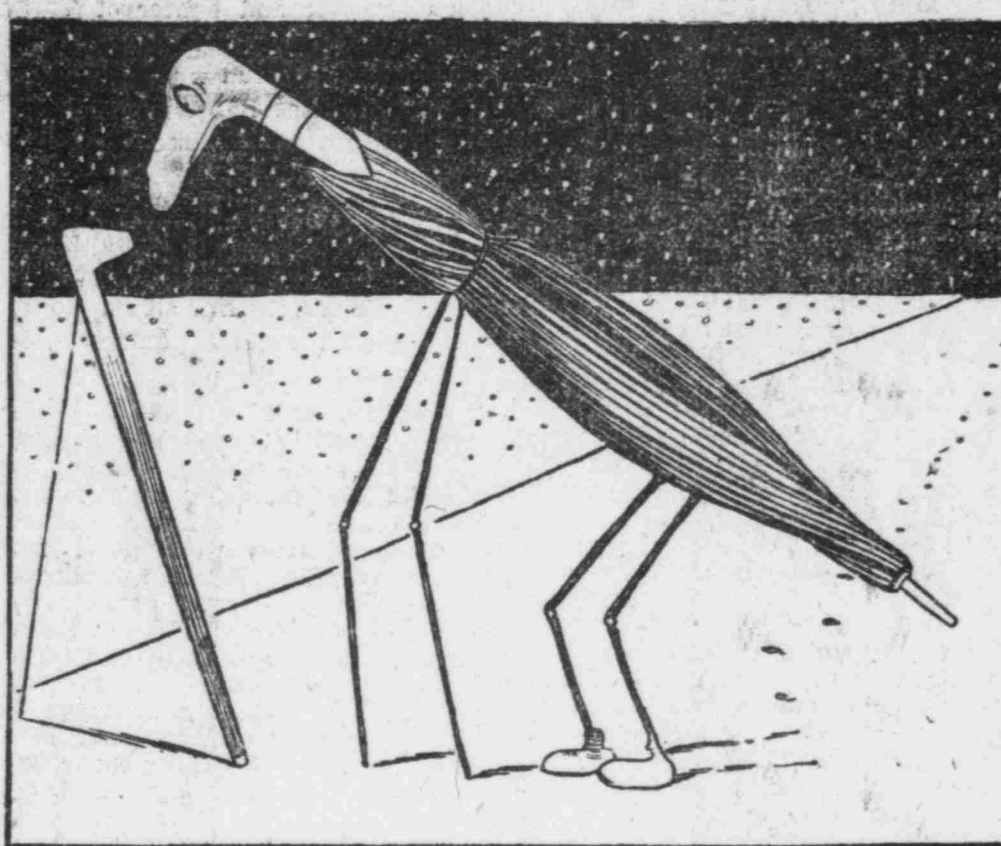
"I shall be delighted to play one of my latest pieces, dear Miss Ethel. But may I beg an especial favor—that you will reserve your judgment? I am so sensitive and am always overwhelmed by great praise."

## HER PARTING SHOT.



He (after the quarrel)—You will miss me when I'm gone.  
She—Yes, and I'd probably miss you before you go if I had anything to throw at you.

## IN HARD LUCK.



Mr. Stick: "Hello, old fellow, you are looking seedy!"  
Mr. Umbrella: "Yes. I got run over by an auto which broke four ribs."

## A TRICK EXPOSED.



"Miss Singer says there was a note in the last bouquet she received over the footlights."  
"Oh, yes. The manager sent her word that she would have to pay for her own flowers in the future, as he was tired of doing it."

## THE COMMENT.



Mrs. Gotrocks: "Did my diamonds call forth any comment at the reception last night?"  
Mrs. Meanly: "Yes, indeed. I heard several people refer to you as the human chandelier."

ONE OF THE BUSINESS TROUBLES  
"Every man has his limitations."  
"Yes, but even after he reaches them he keeps on thinking his salary ought to be raised just the same."

REASON FOR IT.  
"But the gown doesn't fit," insisted the patron.  
"That," replied the modiste calmly, "is because you are not made right."

## What Puzzled Him.

The Comedian (on the defensive)—But you know there are only seven real jokes in the world, it is said.  
The Soubrette—I know. What puzzles me is that you have never happened upon any of them.

## Economy.

"Why do you smoke so constantly? It's not only harmful, but extravagant."  
"Oh, no. It isn't extravagant. You see, I save matches by lighting each fresh cigar from the stump of the one before."

## Family Pride.

"H'm! She need not be so stuck up. Her father is only a dentist."  
"I know, but he is said to be very proud of his extraction."

## Far Better.

Algy (sighing)—I cannot exist without her.  
Reggie—Well, what's the matter with living?

## A Frequent Fault.

"There is only one criticism I would make of your novel."  
"What is that?"  
"It isn't novel."

## Innocuous.

"I hear he's a great knocker. Is he?"  
"Oh, no. He's perfectly innocuous."

## Fat and Lean.

"Do you like fat girls?"  
"Well, I rather lean that way."

## A CANDID AVOVAL.



Gladys: "Would you marry a man for money?"  
Eleanor: "No, I wouldn't marry a man for money, but neither would I think less of him because of his having money."

## Like and Unlike.

"Whenever a woman becomes unreasonable it's attributed to her nerves. Isn't that singular?"  
"Yes, but the unreasonableness of a man is attributed to his nerve, and that's still more singular."

## Discouraging Discovery.

"I understand she loved him at first."  
"Yes, that was before."  
"Before what?"  
"Before she found out that she had mistaken him for his rich cousin."

## Nons Ever Lost.

"People will find fault."  
"It seems inherent in human nature."  
"The surprising part is so much fault is found when so few seem to lose any of their faults."

## Not His Heart.

"The doctor tells Archie Pheer he has the tobacco heart."  
"I don't believe it. He never gave anybody a cigar in his life."

## Important to Know.

She—The fortune teller says I shall marry money.  
He—Good! Did he say how I was to make it?

## Gave It No Chance.

"Colonel, did you ever know whisky to freeze?"  
"I never gave it a chance, sir," replied the colonel.

## SELF ADJUSTED.

Chide not the man who talks too much. But let him have his way. His own endeavors will achieve What he deserves some day.

## HER APPROVAL.



Wife: "I hope you talked plainly to him."  
Husband: "I did, indeed. I told him he was a fool—a perfect fool."  
Wife: "Dear John, how exactly like you!"

DUPLICATES AVOIDED.  
He—This is the third letter of refusal I have received from you.  
She—What are you complaining of? No two of them are alike.

TIRED ALL ROUND.  
"Don't you ever get weary of running down people on your automobile?"  
"Naturally. Why, even my auto is tired."

## IN HARD LUCK.

"I made a dreadful mistake last night."  
"What was it?"  
"I went to buy my wife a diamond ring, but the jewelry shop had moved, and I stumbled into a church bazaar."

## SORRY HE SPOKE.



Wife—Our daughter is twenty, and she ought to be married.  
Hubby—Oh, she has plenty of time. Let her wait till the right sort of man comes along.  
Wife—Not at all. I didn't wait for the right sort of man.

## THE NERVOUSNESS OF GENIUS.



The Bear: "Say, Mr. Dauber, don't you want a good model?"  
The Artist: "I c-c-can-can't s-say that I—I d-d-do!"

## A MILD INSINUATION.

Father—What does that young popinjay hang around here for when he knows I don't want him to?  
Daughter—Because, papa, he likes to be with the person who does want him to.

## MAN OF HIS WORD.



Physician—Why don't you settle that account I have against you? You said when I was treating you that you could never repay me for my efforts.  
Mr. Broke—And I meant it.

## NOT AT ALL COMMON.

"I should think the Spink girls would feel their disgrace. Their father has been proved a common thief."  
"Nothing of the sort. Why, he appropriated nearly a quarter of a million!"

## TRUE POLITENESS.



Miss Clever (disheveled after one turn round the room with clumsy partner): "Do you mind very much, Mr. Quickstep, if we sit out the rest of it?"  
Mr. Quickstep: "Just as you like, miss. I'm only dancing for your pleasure."

## NOT GUILTY.

Algy—You—aw—don't take me for one of those—aw—beastly cunks, I hope.  
Gladys—No, indeed. A crank, I believe, is a man with one idea.

## JUST IN TIME.



Mr. Softleigh (who has just been accepted)—And when shall I speak to your father?  
The Dear Girl—You needn't bother. Pa said he'd speak to me tomorrow if you didn't speak to me tonight.

## SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

Penelope—I had an awful time when I refused him.  
Gladys—How do you mean?  
Penelope—Why, he took it in earnest, and I had to explain that I didn't mean it.